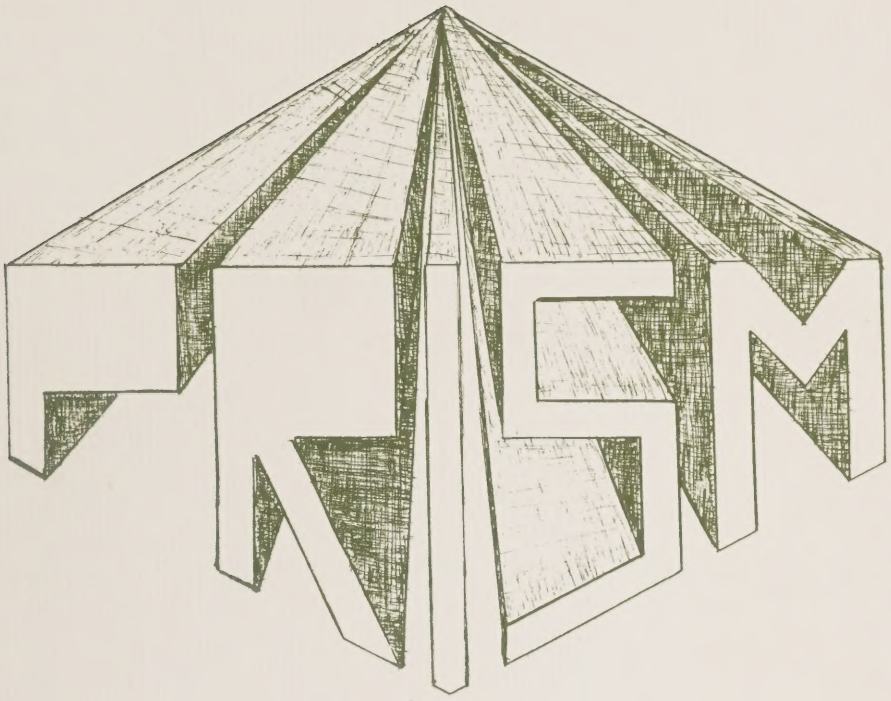
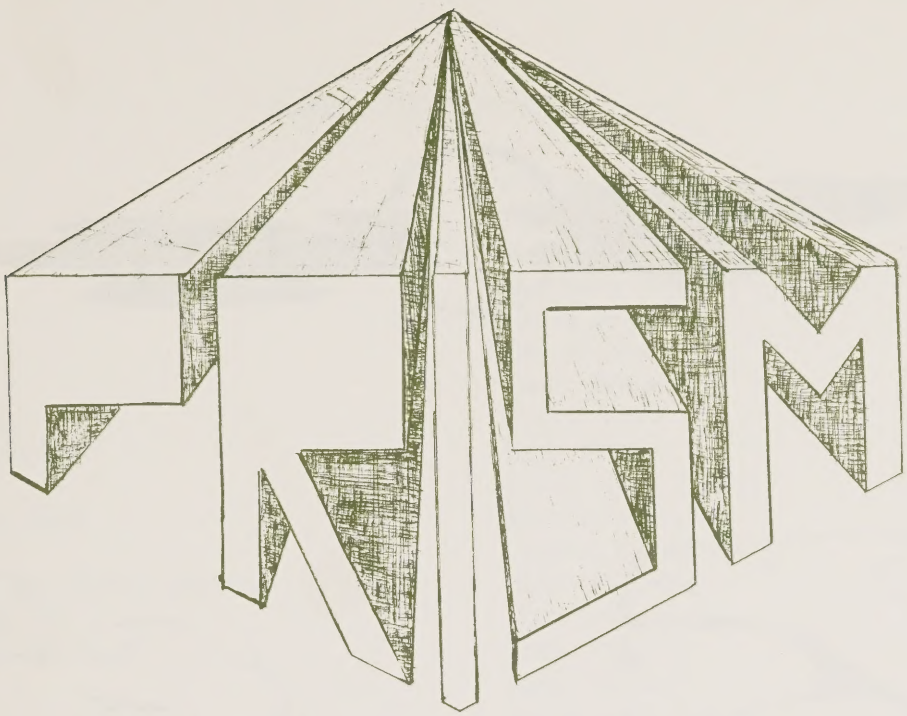

PRISM

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024 with funding from
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center

https://archive.org/details/prism197400peac



Peace College
Literary Magazine '74

—scattered beams of thought
reflecting the minds
of men.

M & M

"Cliff" By PRISCILLA WILSON

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover	Frances Taylor	1
Cliff	Priscilla Wilson	2
Permanent Press	Marsha Wrenn	4
Nocturnal	Margaret Bogle	5
Greed	Merle Mullen	5
Monolith	Lee McClure	6
Woman	Janet Warren	7
I Remember	Peggy Price	8
It Ended Quietly	Beth Wilkie	9
Hurdles	Sarah Gray Lamm	9
To A Dying Man	Marsha Wrenn	10
Sleep	Camille Patterson	11
Mushrooms and Marshmallows	Holly Ferrell	12
Homecoming	Mary Hornbeck	13
Nash Square in April	Sally Buckner	14
Invitation	Ruth Hauser	15
Seagull	Sarah Gray Lamm	15
Interview	Carole Tyler	16
Studying Only For The Test	Lynn Price	16
Automobiles	Camille Patterson	17
Hatred	Merle Mullen	17
Easter, 1971	Johnny Crossno	18-21
To Henry Kissinger	Mary Clarkson	22
The Journey	Cora Sue Currin	22
Beanie	Beverly Carr	23
Self-Pity	Elizabeth Morton	24
Shadows	Connie Frazier	24
Sunshines and Smiles	Sarah Gray Lamm	25
A Matter of Destiny	Beth Wilkie	26
Space	Carole Tyler	26
Inevitable	Betty Bradley	27
Nothing To Complain About	Mary Hornbeck	28-31
Pennies	Beverly Carr	32
"Generation Gap"	Lynn Price	33
Sigh	Mary Clarkson	33
The Pitcher Has A Broken Arm	Marsha Wrenn	34
Pop Art	Carole Tyler	34
Singled Out	Genie Rayner	35
Ebb Tide	Mary Clarkson	35
Catalogue	Songbird	36
Today's Pile of Sand	Peggy Price	37
A Little Girl Like Amy	Marsha Wrenn	38
Lighthouse	Carol Kelman	38
Encounter	Sally Buckner	39
Staff		40

PERMANENT PRESS

This sharp wet pattering
encloses me
in this dry shell security
that smells of last night's
pizza and you.

I nuzzle my nose in
the feather-soft pillow
and emotions drift
back to me,
memories of midnight
murmurings.

Barely awake in the kitten-gray
morning-soft dimness
when the door shut softly
putting my soul on the
other side
of a bare wooden barricade.

Knowing not when today
will be tomorrow
again or
when it's right to try
a permanent time.
I accept my flowered
sheet for cover,
when I'd rather have you.

—Marsha Wrenn

NOCTURNAL

Like black dotted swiss
spread across a table,
evening is sewn into night.

Like darts in a dress,
each spot adds to the void
and darkness takes on shape.

Glittering stars pin different patterns
to unique trimmings
so that before morning commercializes it,
Night could be sold as "an original."

—MARGARET BOGLE

GREED

Greed acts like an acid upon the hearts of men
as it corrodes the bonds of human friendship.

—MERLE MULLEN

MONOLITH

We had reached the ultimate fantasyland, our only guide being our instincts. We trouped through the marshy grasslands and came upon an enormous monolith. Set in a background of weeping willows and imaginary miscellaneous scenery, it seemed to breathe with a gurgling, underwater sound. We surrounded this fabrication in our minds and proceeded to worship it, showing proper respect through a series of chants and slithering, erotic dances. When we felt satisfied, the monolith seeped slowly into the ground, transforming itself into a green slimy puddle. We took our cups and filled them and drank, for our lips were parched. When we had finished, we were overcome by a soaring rush surging throughout our bodies. We knew then that we had accomplished what we had set out to do.

—Lee McClure

By JANET WARREN

I REMEMBER

When I loved Paul McCartney
instead of you,
And yellow sunshines let day
be absorbed
in their light
While brown paper leaves
fell on an
ancient ground.
They played music last night,
and I danced
till I couldn't
March to drums on a green and white
striped lawn.
We WON!
And Ed ate a goldfish at
morning break
and was sick.
Mary said she was quitting,
but didn't
and soon forgot,
Because Christmas was coming.
I got a doll.
I knew I would.
I began driving
Mother crazy. I crashed
only twice.
Carol and I in her red mustang
rode by the
pool hall again,
And to Three Dog Night.
I loved them
too.
Mike was a football star
and I didn't even shine
a little.
He soared off to Mars
and Charles said
he'd stay.
But who cared, and he
left right
after
I Remembered
You.

—PEGGY PRICE

IT ENDED QUIETLY

You ask me to come to you in
silence
With no words to strangle the desire
in your eyes.
And so I put down my broken
dolls and stepped on the carousel
Only to be deafened by the music
and persuasive smiles.
It ebbed into slow, methodical
addiction;
I searched blindly for the smile
I had so long ago left behind
And once again I ran to find
my dolls
Only to realize that now it was
I who was irreparably broken.

—Beth Wilkie

HURDLES

My life is a dusty lime-lined track field
Circumferenced by four-foot hurdles every hundred yards or so.
At birth I heard the starter's gun
And I've been running ever since.

Constantly facing hurdle after hurdle
I leap—sometimes trip—and fall.
But with the never-tiring effort of a dedicated athlete,
I pick myself up, brush off the dust,
And get back into the race once more.

—Sarah Gray Lamm

TO A DYING MAN

Dear Sir:

On your way up,
if you happen to see
my mom and dad
up there will you
tell them something
for me?
Tell them I miss them,
don't tell them the times
when I failed to
live up to the standards
they set for me, the times I've been
weak and ashamed or
glad they weren't around to see.
Tell them I'm trying
and that the love they
gave me has kept me sane.
Tell Mom I miss her little-girl
ways, our shared secrets, her
chicken pastry and caring for
me when I'm sick.
Tell Dad that I missed
out on being his little
girl and running to him
when he came home from
the office. Tell him I missed
sitting in his lap, too.
There's a lot more but I know
you might not have
time. If you just have a
few seconds please tell
them that I love them
and hope to see them
soon.

—MARSHA WRENN

SLEEP

Sleep
at home
is a child's, secure. (sleep)

Sleep
at a friend"s house
is a steak dinner. (sleep)

Sleep
at college
is a responsible. (sleep)

(And something not many students get.)

—Camille Patterson

MUSHROOMS AND MARSHMALLOWS

Mushrooms and marshmallows, Little green men,
sit by the wayside and talk from within;
Within their very own hearts and souls,
Talk of their lives and how everything goes.

I passed them, and passed them, and passed them again.
And I asked "What do you think, my little green men?"
"Of love and compassion that's passed us by,"
So go on my dear and leave us to die.
Now there is nothing. . .

—Holly Ferrell

HOMECOMING

The front door unlatches
as the grandfather clock finishes
striking half-past.
All the familiar creaks and squeals
renew my nostalgic heart
after disappearing weeks.
The aroma of fresh-baked bread
and the clattering of ice trays
sharpen the imprint
of what I've missed.
And God knew
just how great a relief it was knowing
that things on Garwood street had not changed

With Dad's feet propped up on
the stool, and Mom protecting her corner of the sofa,
I regained my accustomed position
in the armchair.
From me to Dad, to Mom
and back, the conversation swung
like a perpetual pendulum
Or at least till the grandfather clock had long since struck
midnight.

With some regret,
the catching up was postponed till morning.
As I crawled into bed
the magnificence of
homecoming
was secured in slumber.

—Mary Hornbeck

NASH SQUARE IN APRIL

The girl is in white lace,
Her face
Is pale;
A veil
Of white-gold hair
Is spun by the singing air:
The dogwood wears white lace.

The soldier is young and slim,
On the rim
Of war,
But for
This day his breath
Claims love, not death:
The jonquils are bright and slim.

The child gives voice to the world,
Little girl
Beguiles
With smiles,
Peanuts and sweets,
Pigeons to swarm at her feet:
A thrush gives voice to the world.

The old men sit and nod,
Like God
On the seventh day,
But they
Are not content;
Their dreams are spent.
The ancient cedars nod.

This square is an island blest.
The sea beyond has no rest.

—Sally Buckner

INVITATION

Come to me as a free flying bird
Bringing with you the joys of happiness;
We'll leave this world for one of our own
Over the mountains and across the sun;
Time will be a drifting void
Into which the sea of faces will melt away.

To live our life in the way we choose,
Dancing in the brilliance of the day,
Loving in the shadows of the moon;
Care and thought give in return
A wondrous yearning for the mirth we share
Reaching out for a home in Heaven on earth.

—Ruth Hauser

By Sarah Gray Lamm

INTERVIEW

Faces coming,
Faces going,
Me staying,
Waiting, knowing
What I want,
And yet not
Knowing what
Behind the faces
Lie —
(of if)
And why;
And so
I go on
Knowing, looking,
Waiting for an
Inner view

—Carole Tyler

STUDYING **ONLY** FOR THE TEST?

Time ticks frantically away on my wrist,
My pencil is gripped tight in my fist;
Spitting up facts, figures and dates
And everything else on a test I hate.

Answers begin to bubble to mind
Taking me from an awful bind,
And my mind chugs along
To, "Oh what if it's **wrong**?"

The peal of the bell is a relief
Studying pays: That's my belief:
And then I close the notebook in mind
'Til next time, I'm oblivious and blind.

—Lynn Price

AUTOMOBILE

Fields of green slip by my eyes
Fields of happiness, love and peace.

I am being propelled by society's machine
forbidden to stop
and
forbidden to touch
those promised fields.

Society's machine is kidnapping me to its home.
Its home of
Computers
Transactions
Success and my
failures.

—Camille Patterson

HATRED

Hatred is a knife which carves the
hearts of humans into fragments of raging bitterness.

—Merle Mullen

EASTER, 1971

It was Easter Monday, I think. Yes, that's right. A good Easter Monday, too, just what it's supposed to be: warm and sunny, a bit of breeze in the air, trees greening. We had gone up to the little Currituck County village of Moyock. Mother's family comes from there, you see. That's where Pop met her and married her and where I was born. Mother still owns the farm there at the edge of the settlement.

We each had gone for different reasons, really. Pop's clearing out the brush from a two-acre lot of pines; he wanted to do a little more work on that. Mom wanted to go home; and also see her old friends and her cousins — "the girls" — they're in their fifties and sixties, but they're still "the girls." I mostly wanted to play archaeologist: on one of the present fields, a house once stood — an old one; no one even remembers its existence. But, if you walk stooping over the furrows, you can pick up bits of glass, pottery, brick, china, clay pipes — all sorts of remains. I guess only one thing bound the three of us: we were going to share one of our "adventures" together.

We parked in the pine lot across from the major part of the farm.

Grandfather sat on the front porch steps with my father; I must have been playing in the yard. "You see those young pines over there, Leon? Someday they're going to pay for Johnny's college."

Granddaddy, they never did. We had to cut them for something else. Besides, when I got there, it cost much more than you'd ever dreamed.

I walked across Tull's Creek Road, down it for a ways, and then along the edge of the road field towards the back field. On my right were the farm house, the outbuildings and lot. Granddaddy had had the house built when he was young by a distant cousin, Emerson Smith. Momma was born there. Two of her brothers were born there too . . . and died there. We don't own it now — when the estate was divided, Momma got the farm and Uncle Graham took the house and lot. Graham Burgess Poyner later had to sell it.

I walked past Granddaddy's barn — now gray boards show through the rusty-red paint. On the corner next to me were nailed the license plates: 1924, 1925, '26, '27, '29. I guess 1928 had fallen off; its place was empty. They're all orange-brown now anyways.

What was it Seth David Poyner drove? A Model A?

The sun came in warm from the front window of the parlor. I was in a brown-painted wicker rocker, the cushions covered in brown and rose and green printed flowers, pillows surrounding me to hold me in. He was rocking me and chuckling — at me, I think: or maybe it was "Lum 'n' Abner" on the big honeycolored radio.

I remember walking from Tull's Creek Road with Momma, up the path, and through the picket fence to the house. She was upset, and was pulling me along too fast. I was three and couldn't understand.

When granddaddy was getting ready, he gave his gold watch to Uncle Graham to give to me when I reached twenty-one. That and the pines were my legacy. I was the only grandchild he ever saw.

I walked over the plank bridge to the back field and looked over at the field beside it. Granddaddy's half-brother had owned that one once. Robert James Poyner — the loner. Occasionally someone from the village would wait at the end of the furrows to pass the time of day with him and talk for a while. He'd come down the row behond the mule. "Hullo there, Mister Jim, pretty foine weather we're havin', idn't it?" "Yep," he'd say — and turn the mule and plow away. Mother was afraid of him when she was little, she says. Once he walked out from the village to the farm, sat quietly for a while, gave her a daguerreotype of himself, and left. That was her legacy. Uncle Jim lived in the windowless loft over the general store owned by his brother — Martin Carney Poyner. Every night, he'd pick up his mongrel dog, cradle it in one arm, and climb the ladder to go to sleep in that loft. One day, two men handed his body down the ladder to two others waiting at the bottom.

I wonder what became of the dog?

Uncle Jim's land went to Uncle Martin and it all went to Uncle Martin's four sons. But only one of those — William Martin Poyner — had sons of his own. And one of those two — William Freeman Poyner — died under his new motorcycle in the ditch of the road over there.

Billy, what happened? The curve idn't that sharp.

Across another field, and shaded by the treeline, I could see the graveyard where Uncle Jim and Uncle Martin and Mr. Will and Billy are buried.

In a while, Mother joined me in looking for the bits of glass and pottery and china. A white pick-up stopped in the road and a man started across the fields to us. As he came nearer I saw it was my third-cousin, Dick. Richard Martin Poyner owns all that adjoining farm now and works Momma's as well. He didn't recognize us at first; thought we were trespassers — well, it has been a long time. He hugged Momma, and shook my hand, and we talked about the farm and the land, our grandfathers, our great-grandfather, the Poyners down the county — were we kin to them? Yes, I said, but quite a ways back. Dick's older daughter will be a senior in high school next year. I looked at him as we talked — still handsome, his curley black hair turning to steel, his small but thick hands with that yellowish-brown

roughness that comes so quick, his ruddy face that you know is caused by the sun exploding tiny blood vessels in his skin.

He belongs to this land, and it's taking its price.

Dick left in a while and Momma and I continued to look. The house, she says they say, faced away from the road and toward the creek at the back, with a lane leading down to it. So we found them: bits of clay pipes, Cantonese china, slipware, a stem from a wine goblet, pieces of wine and medicine bottles, bricks, window glass. I had once found a brass button with "London" written on the back. This house stood here in the last half of the 1700's.

Were they mine, who lived here? We've been in this county since 1690 — was this land ours then?

Momma left in a while; I stayed behind and looked around me — across the fields to Moyock, across the fields to the line of trees that hid the creek, across the fields to the forest and Tull's Creek Road where my great-grandfather's house had once stood. My great-grandfather.

Robert Wilson Poyner stood in his yard near the well, squinting as the Union Lieutenant put down the tin dipper and wiped his mouth. "So. You don't know where that renegade is hiding?" "No, Lieutenant, but if I was you, I'd be mighty careful ridin' back to Moyock." A mile and a half away — humph. The two horses trotted away back up the dirt road. As they passed the woods, John Flora fired his rifle once. The Lieutenant slumped dead out of his saddle. In reprisal, they burned most of the village.

I knew there was no sense in going down there to see my great-grandfather's grave. Momma and I had been once to the ragged plot back of where the house was — not even a marker. From him and his two wives descended over seventy human beings — and not even a marker.

I looked across the fields to the woods. It's an old forest — even the oaks and poplars are tall and thick in the trunk. But, if you look carefully beneath your feet, the furrows softly rise and fall still.

Who plowed them? It couldn't have been you, Seth David Poyner. And I don't think it was you, Robert Wilson Poyner. Was it you, Robert Martin Poyner? Or you, Powers Poyner? Or you, Peter Poyner III? Or you, Peter Poyner II? Or even you, Peter Poyner I? Your furrows are still there, even though your gravestones aren't.

Your names ARE on yellowing bits of paper down at the Courthouse. I know — I've seen them; seen your signatures — when you could write. Pored over them, trying to find you, trying to know you.

And what do I know of you? Little.

I do know that this land was yours for a while . . . or was it? Who owned whom? The land was your life: You bought it; sold it; swapped it, a few acres here, a few there. You worked it with your wives and sons and daughters because you were usually too poor to buy slaves or hire laborers. You dug in it — or maybe only scratched on it — and cared over it. And watched it, and the sky — praying for rain at the right time, rejoicing when it came at the right time, slumping your shoulders when it came at the wrong time, or came as hail, or did not come at all.

Sometimes you wore the land out. Then you bought an ever-diminishing amount of new, or burned the forest off, or tried to drain the swamps of a flat country.

Sometimes the land wore you out. You were born on it; grown on it; married on it. You bore your children on it; saw a third of them die on it; saw some of them grow and then leave for such unseen magic places as Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Texas. Then you yourself aged on it; died on it; and had your last scratch made on it.

When you sat on the porch steps at dusk and smoked a bit on your clay pipe, what did you think? What did you think as you looked at the land in the twilight? Was it a struggle or was it love?

If it was a struggle, then I must tell you that the land has won a victory. Oaks and poplars stand in your furrows. I'm picking up your broken clay pipes in the field. Your license plates are rusty. Even your graves have disappeared. The land, you see, has its cycles — but it exists still.

If it was a struggle, then I must tell you that you also have won a victory. Cousin Dick is here. "The girls" are here. Uncle Graham is here. Mother is here. I am here. And we are your markers, fathers. You Poyners, you see, have your cycles — but you exist still.

If it was a struggle. . . . But maybe — just maybe — it was love.

That afternoon we drove away from the little Currituck County village of Moyock. Mother's family comes from there, you see. That's where Pop met her and married her and where I was born. Mother owns the farm there at the edge of the settlement.

Someday . . . it might be mine.

—JOHNNY CROSSNO

TO HENRY KISSINGER

It is in the afternoon
And there are fuming honey buckets
Of Chinese dung
In my front yard.
I will shovel the stuff
Around otherwise lifeless bulbs
And be thankful
We have such a strong foreign policy.

—Mary Clarkson

THE JOURNEY

I began ambling down the straight path
but somewhere along the way
    the road got narrow and crooked,
    storms arose and blew me off the path,
    and
    the road signs changed directions.
I started running, running. . .
    and still am.

—Cora Sue Currin

What would I have done without my beanie:

When it rained, for it kept the rain off my head.

When I got my hair frosted (the cap leaked and now I have blonde "spots" on the top of my head) for it covers up my "spots"

When I have to listen to records in the library, for it makes the headphones feel softer.

When my hair is dirty, for it covers up the dirty part on top.

When I write home to Mother, for now I have something to write about—"beanies".

When I want to be a part of Peace.

—BEVERLY CARR

SELF-PITY

At first it trickles down a mountainside
In little streams,
Then it starts gushing like the blood
From a wounded soldier,
And then it rushes like a small
Child running to play,
From there nobody knows where it
Goes,
Nobody knows because it's too
Late then.

—Elizabeth Morton

SHADOWS

Two people, in the morning of their lives,

Traversed in Solitude and Silence like the escaping
Dawn.

Then as softly as the Sun's rays kiss the
still dew-moistened Blossoms,

Their Shadows touched.

—Connie Frazier

SUNSHINE AND SMILES

As I sit here dreaming about tomorrow and what it will bring, I see a ray of sun light, a glimmer of hope and even a chance to live. Up till now, my life has meant very little to me. I didn't really care if there would be a tomorrow. That was my main problem; I didn't really care. And then you came. You gave me a sensation to dream of tomorrow, to hope and even the desire to live. You brought something which I had never really known. You brought me love and happiness. The sheer will to want a tomorrow. And as I sit now wondering about myself, and what I'll do, and where I'll go, you are there. I can't see you but I can't forget you. My reason for living. My answer to tomorrow. This is what you are. I am but a mere grain of sand among a thousand others, that lie on the beach. A nobody to whom you gave your love. There is no hope for my future without you. You see, you **are** my life. You control my actions. You give me the love I so greatly need. You are always there when I need you. Be with me now, guide me, show me the way to live in your image, and my life is yours. You see dear Lord, I want to live tomorrow.

—Sarah Gray Lamm

A MATTER OF DESTINY

In years to come, you will all
say that you can trace my
insanity through my writing.
But I'm no Sylvia Plath or Ernest
Hemingway, and if I were I
would welcome unearthly darkness
to the dark sunlight in my eyes.
I was fighting not words but concepts;
Not people, but intangible majorities.
And I could not be bothered with
explanations or excuses — you see
it was all a matter of destiny.
So, in years to come, you will all
smugly and pityingly say:
"What a shame."
And I will silently be laughing
in my grave knowing that
people are such fools.

—Beth Wilkie

SPACE

Since

Cosmonauts

and

Astronauts

Up

And

Down

Is

Out.

—Carole Tyler

INEVITABLE

As the yellow kernels pop
in the hot grease,
I think of the babies born into
the roasting realm of our society.
Each kernel explodes differently,
And so each poor life
ends uniquely.
We are all sitting in our packages,
Pre-salted and buttered, just
waiting to be thrown into the pot.

—Betty Bradley

"NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT"

My fifth summer at Camp Green Cove was barely into its first week, and the excitement of returning to the mountains of North Carolina was hardly what I had expected. Those snow-capped months of winter had seemed to melt away in hopes of the warmth of a campfire and daybreak canoe trips; but now, all I could think about was being in a cabin of girls half my age and being stuck with teaching tennis and gymnastics (neither of which I was prepared to attempt). The only possible saving factor for my apathetic beginning was having Judy Bartley back for her ninth summer as head counselor. Nevertheless, the fact remained — I would be here eight long weeks, regardless of whether or not my hands ever gripped the gunwales of a canoe or ever felt the rush of rapids against my paddle.

Somehow things weren't quite as dreadful after I renewed the friendships of summers past. Old camp friends, like Judy, always manage to make even canoeing in the rain almost bearable.

Being nearly twice the age of the campers (and some counselors) never kept Judy Bartley from enjoying the carefree frolicking of camp-life. She once told me that teaching sixth graders in Oklahoma ten months out of the year was merely a pastime as she anticipated the summers in the haven of Green Cove. How I desperately needed a touch of the glowing spirit of being at camp, and especially being near the canoe docks again; but the only glow I could uncover was from the memories of white-water trips in the past.

Though most of my time would be spent on the tennis courts, with a few precious minutes going back to the docks, recalling canoe trips down Nantahala Falls with forty-two degree water temp. brought back the special feelings of riding the rapids for the first time. I was grateful and pleased that John Burton would again be heading up canoeing. Green Cove had set out to employ a champion canoeist, and being captain of the U. S. Olympic team was surely sufficient qualification. Hopefully, I'd catch a glimpse of him from the sweltering courts and learn the finer points of white-water canoeing from one whose life was practically spent on the rush of rapids. But this was a summer of work for me, and things such as taking campers on their first ride in white water and gliding down the waves of the Ocunaluftee River were not to be included.

Daily the heat waves across the cement courts got worse, and, for that matter, so did my patience with those campers. Chasing tennis balls down a dirt path, in addition to throwing ball after ball to little Cindy whose intent obviously was to clear the pasture fence, played havoc continually with my basic nature. Struggling from lesson to lesson, I kept a close eye on the road to see if Judy was coming up for her daily visit to the courts. I looked forward to talking with her; it gave me a chance to momentarily recover from the endless "racket-back, side-to-net" routine. But, primarily, she was the kind of person that made me want to be my best self when the two of us were together. Despite her somewhat masculine walk, double-jointed elbows, and prominent mouth, Judy was a soft, compassionate, and loving girl. Ever since she had been my counselor, in the days when I was the enthusiastic camper, we had been good friends. What a first summer we had had together! I remember her saying, "Mary, if you don't hurry up and get your paddle you're gonna have to use a spoon!" But that was summers ago,

and this time I prayed for rain and a break from the racket-n-ball bit. However, I knew only too well what rain would mean: precisely, that instead of teaching tennis, my day would consist of being in charge of the trampoline and breaking up disputes that erupted when a "senior camper" felt it merely her right to bust in line ahead of a "junior camper". In essence, my days as the exuberant counselor would be just as tormenting whether they were spent on the tennis courts or by the trampoline.

And so, Judy remained as the single factor that, despite weather conditions, made camplife tolerable. Practically a legend by now at Camp Green Cove, she was a person of endless capabilities; from hand-painting initials on canoe paddles, to playing any Broadway musical tunes on the piano, she was an expert. It was possible to find her repairing overflowing toilets and hammering broken hinges on screen doors, as well as cheering up some seven-year-old camper who could no longer pretend to be immune from the homesick blues. Oftentimes, she macramed the hours away, but Judy's specialty was people. The July heat on the tennis courts and the banging of out-of-tune pianos was never something to keep Bartley from smiling.

The truth was, however, I was no Judy Bartley, and had to force myself to muster up a smile while helping beginners whose balls landed more in the cow pasture and riding ring than in the courts.

As I made my way up to the courts one morning for the 9:30 lesson, I caught a glimpse of Judy:

"Hey, Judy! Are you helping out on the courts this morning?"

"No, no. I promised I'd go and watch her hit a few." Tracy was one of my least favorites.

"Well, Bartley, be sure to wear your armor — that Tracy has got a mean swing, especially at the counselors." (And I wasn't exaggerating! That little girlie had nearly knocked me in the head a few days before.)

"Thanks, Mary, I'll remember that. Listen, why don't you come up to my cabin after dinner? You know you're always welcome."

"Sounds great. I'll be there." With that, I marched over to meet my anxious group of 8-year-olds.

"I want you all to shake hands with your racket. That's right, Susan. Okay now, when I throw the ball to you, get your racket back, side to the net, and step into the ball." (Brother, I was sounding more like a broken record than ever.)

"Mary, how come mine went over the fence? I tried everything you said — racket back, side to . . ."

"You did not," screamed one of the infamous loudmouths, "you weren't even watching the ball."

"Okay, y'all. Take it easy. Let's try it again."

And again, and again we did try. By mid-afternoon my arm felt as if it had been punctured with thirty polio shots, and throbbed worse with each toss.

The five-thirty bell sounded and my sixth day of teaching tennis

came to a close. I kept reminding myself, only fifty more days — but somehow I couldn't keep from re-counting to make sure a careless error of two or three days hadn't been made.

In an effort to keep this day from being a total pain in the neck, arm and everywhere else, I headed up the gravel road to Judy's cabin after a dinner of gristly meat and overcooked cabbage. Judy Bartley, if anyone could salvage what hours remained until the next venture to the tennis courts.

With much luck, I found her lying on her bed gazing out the screen windows, and, surprisingly enough, not surrounded by a flock of campers.

"Bartley? Here I am, believe it or not."

"Mary, come on in. Pull up Cindy's trunk and have a seat."

"Did Tracy wear you out today, or something?"

"No, I just thought I'd rest for a minute."

"Rest? I didn't know you ever had time for that kind of stuff." We both chucked half-heartedly.

"Tell me, Mary, are you glad to be back?"

"Well," (I was a little embarrassed), "I'm just not into the swing of camp this summer. I really miss being on the docks, taking trips down the rivers, and living with the rest of my friends. Things just aren't the same."

"I know how you love that canoeing. I can remember when you would be packed and ready to go at 4:00 a.m."

"Yeah. That was so much fun. Well, I just need a little more time, I guess." I noticed a line of prescription bottles on the window ledge — an incongruent sight in Judy's room. "Anyway, how have you been?", I asked.

"Oh, fine. I have nothing to complain about."

The words hit home. I couldn't help but note how much I had complained and still dreaded each new day. There must be something I've missed this year, I thought; Judy still loves it as much as she did in the days of river trips and sleeping out under the moonlight.

She squirmed a little on her bed, as if to get in a more comfortable position. Her eyes seemed tired as she spoke. "Mary, ya know, life is full of bumps, and some can be pretty tough. When you hit a hard one you've just got to gather up every bit of confidence and **be strong.** You just can't ever lose sight of what you want."

Losing sight of what I had searched for at camp had precisely been my biggest mistake. Now, with Judy putting it to me, the truth was felt; and the glow of "camp present" shed new light.

"You're right, Judy. It just seems to come easy for you."

"It'll come easy for you, too. If you want something bad enough, it'll be yours."

"Thanks, Bartley," And, with what had seemed before to be a

weary chore, I was anxious to go check on my campers. "Guess I better run and check on those kids. See ya tomorrow."

"See ya," Judy said in a quiet voice. "Keep your head up."

* * * *

I awoke early the next morning to the voices of our camp doctor and nurse. Judy had taken sick overnight and was driven to the nearest hospital. She was in intensive care and as Dr. Ritchey said, "very sick."

What had seemed to be the end of the dreary outlook on camp for me was the beginning of a long and rough road for Bartley. I prayed for her to "be strong."

As the days crept along, the seriousness of her problem was finally made known to us at a counselor's meeting: incredibly enough, the illness was terminal.

"Judy's wish is to see camp and home again," the camp director said. "We're hoping the campers and counselors will donate enough money for us to rent an ambulance-plane so her wish can come true.

In twenty-four hours, two thousand dollars was raised among our camp community, and, despite doctor's apprehension of the flight, Judy Bartley saw her homeland of Oklahoma again.

Three days later, Judy Bartley lost her life to that treacherous killer, cancer, which in taking her life, stole also the spirit that made teaching beginners a joy rather than a task.

—Mary Hornbeck

PENNIES

If I had a million dollars in pennies I could have a counting contest

. . . or I could wallpaper the left-hand side of the bathroom

. . . or I could throw them all into a fish pond (being careful not to hurt the fish) and make a good wish for everyone

. . . or I could see how tall I could stack them before they fell

. . . or I could see how many I could stuff in my right ear

. . . or I could lay them edge to edge and see how far I could spread them around the earth

. . . or I could weigh them

. . . or I could flip them

. . . or I could hold them in my left hand and see how far I could throw them

. . . or I could sink them in the ocean

. . . or I could stand on them

. . . or I could throw them at someone who is mean

. . . or I could sleep on them

. . . or I could just look at them.

I can't understand why people would want to spend them or put them in banks; there is just so much you can do with a million dollars in pennies.

—Beverly Carr

"GENERATION GAP"

On my tenth birthday
My fifteen-year-old sister
Told me
That
When **I** was fifteen
We'd have a talk about things.

But
By the time I **was** fifteen
She was a newlywed
And
Too busy doing things
To talk about them.

And anyway, I'd never let on, but
One afternoon by the time I was eleven
My best friend and I figured everything out
Except, perhaps, the reason why
My sister felt that
We needed to talk on my fifteeenth birthday.

—Lynn Price

SIGH

I'm tired of writing about trees and leaves,
And all of those things that sweet people love
To read on days when knitting is done. It upheaves
Me to think that I'm not the white dove
I longed to be for Father

So now I write of the Pill and crime
And all of those things he sheltered me from.
You see, I finished my knitting before the time
To finish. "You're tarnished," he said. "Now come
Back to your home for Mother."

—Mary Clarkson

THE PITCHER HAS A BROKEN ARM

strike 4:
(I thought they called you
out on the third)
my fourth try
this one is passing me
too.
The minute the ball is
in the pitcher hands
he squeezes all the
air out until
all that's left is dead
matter.
Anyone want to try for
strike five? or
have all the bases been
stolen . . .

—Marsha Wrenn

POP ART

Pop art is:
All
Things
Created
Equal
Like
Polyelethyne soup cans
and
Mona Lisa
On the same block,
In the same pad.

—Carole Tyler

SINGLED OUT

The flame grows taller,
Then shrinks again,
Waving gently as a soft breeze
Breathes upon a solitary candle.
Rain falls quietly, peacefully,
Hitting the pavement
With a soft spurt.
The lights of the houses
Reflect warmly, invitingly
Onto glistening streets.
A radio in the background—
Hushed renderings are almost unnoticed.
Misty darkness slowly encompasses
A world drowsy with fantasies.

A lone figure, bowed with pain and fatigue,
Walks slowly in the peaceful moment.
Pausing in the welcome solitude,
A subdued glow emanates
From the bent shape.
Looking up into a brilliant candle
His sorrowful eyes brighten
With renewed energy and courage
The lone figure, tall and strong,
Walks amongst us.

—Genie Rayner

EBB TIDE

Warm shores reach hands of foam in Maine,
And cleanse our feet with midnight moonlight.
We are walking on the coast of our love.
But if we fall into the sin of warm thighs,
Our out of season love will crash, and move
Fresh sand prints into signs of regret.

—Mary Clarkson

CATALOGUE

I have asked for things before,

For white persian kittens
to hold and love

When I was younger and even
now.

I have asked for fancy dresses before,
to dress up in
to show off in

When I was younger and even
now.

I have asked for time
before
to play with me
to listen to me

When I was younger and even
now.

I have asked for love
before
but
never
again.

—SONGBIRD

TODAY'S PILE OF SAND

Yesterday
I sat myself down in wet sand
and erected phony delicacies
with my tiny new-fashioned hands.

I molded quite creations
I captured wee, disorderly ants
From untrodden grass
and forced them to enter
my formations.

Today
The sand pile has been
worn away and over grown
with grass.

I dare not put my hands in sand
to feel the cool grains
slide between
my long-existed fingers.

—Peggy Price

A LITTLE GIRL LIKE AMY

Water glides
back and forth,
as sandpipers scurry.
The ocean
is turning amber
and shining like metal
in the sun.
As the cool breeze picks up
I hold more tightly to the
small hand of
a small child,
feeling the cold evening ocean
lap around my ankles,
and counting the turns
of the lighthouse
looking out
at the wild winter waves
and down at the two young
arms reaching up to me.
She captures my heart in her
two words—"hold me"—
and her two hands clasped
around my neck.
As the sound of
rushing water
meets my ears,
I know I am loved.

—Marsha Wrenn

By Carol Kelman

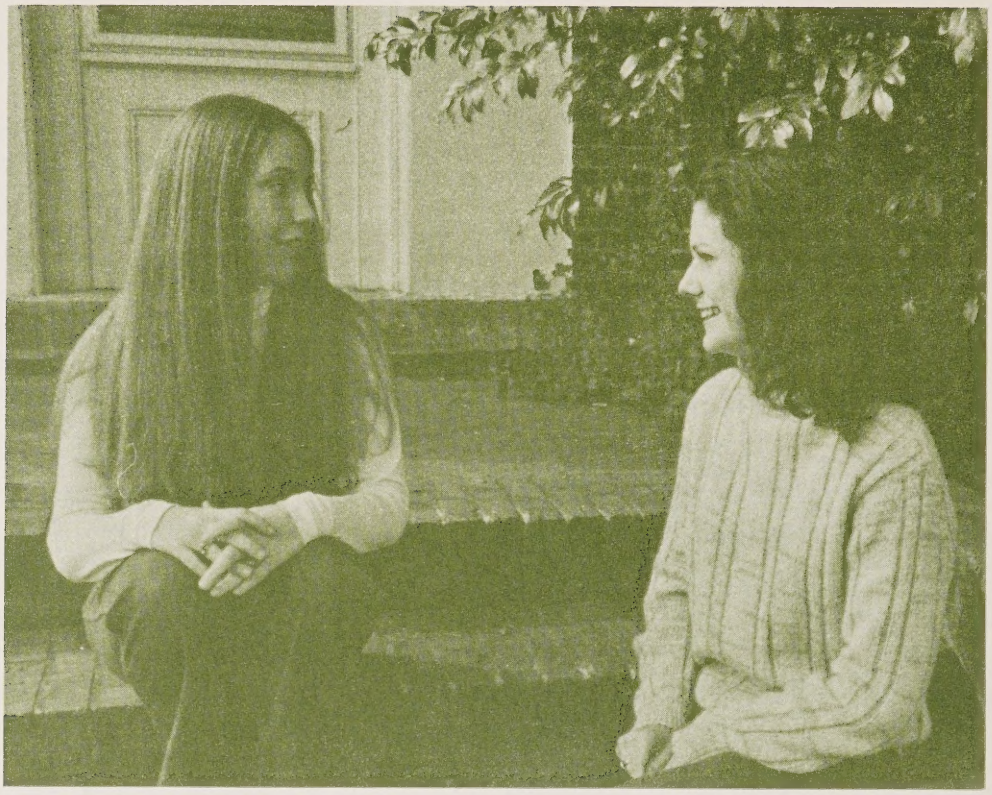
ENCOUNTER

All right.
So our ships will pass in the night,
heaving only briefly,
each in the other's wake, before
ploughing separate lanes
to private destinations.

Still,
must we remain below,
ignore the summoning whistles,
the pulse of swelling waters?

Shall we not rather climb
to the deck, welcome the salted kiss
of spray as we rise on the throbbing crest,
and fling in greeting a single star-white flare
to shatter, for
the
space
of
one
spinning
breath,
our darkness?

—Sally Buckner



PRISM 1974

EDITOR	MARY HORNBECK
CO-EDITOR	MARSHA WRENN
ART EDITOR	PRISCILLA WILSON

STAFF

CINDY REAVES
MARALYN FARBER
PEGGY PRICE
CAMILLE PATTERSON
FRANCES TAYLOR

A special thanks to Mrs. Sally Buckner whose continuous support has made PRISM a success.